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# RAILROADING

IN THE

# UNITED STATES.

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Also,  
AS TO LAW AND ORDER.

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and  
THE VERY EMINENT GENTLEMAN.

THE DULL BRAKEMAN  
and  
HIS BRIGHT LANTERN.

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Also, as to

LAW AND ORDER.

Once Upon a Time, said the Young Observer, there lived two men who were deservedly notorious, if not famous. They were known as the James Boys, Frank and Jesse James, brothers, and both were strong-limbed and keen of eye, and had what is sometimes called Nerve.

Each was a crack shot with a rifle or revolver, and Jesse could with the latter weapon hit a nail on the head or a man in the heart at a distance of fifty paces easily, with certainty, and if called upon most rapid succession. But he never practised much on nail-heads, preferring, like a True Sportsman, Live Game.

In addition to their splendid physical qualities, the James Boys were great on morality, the Rights of Property, and such things, and took especial pride in themselves as Exponents of Law and Order. But, alas! Like many other great men, they lived behind their time, and their theories were little understood and sadly unappreciated. Some of the Most Respectable People denounced their notion of Property Rights, and to practically carry out their philosophy of Law and Order they were often compelled to resort to the most Strenuous measures.

You see it was this way, continued the Young Observer. Frank and Jesse James were often in need of funds, and to supply themselves they sometimes resorted to what is called (most vulgarly, to be sure) Robbing banks, stages, railroad trains, and so on, by the most Crude and Plebeian methods. I do not mean that there is anything wrong in robbing a bank; everybody—that is to say, all really Respectable people (and I flatter myself that I am so classified, said the Young Observer)—recognizes the natural and inalienable right of a man and a gentleman to rob a bank or a railroad train. But he must always act in accord with the rules of the game. And the two primary rules are, first, before robbing a bank, a man must have properly qualified himself, either by having been born Respectable, by having Respectability thrust upon him, or by having achieved Respectability; no man has any right to rob a bank, or even a stage coach, unless he has received his degree from a high-class institution of learning and taken a conspicuous part in at least one campaign as an

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advocate of sound money. (It is easily to be seen by even the dullest mind that if a man is to be robbed of his money, it is of the highest importance that the money should be Sound money.) These institutions and opportunities, throughout the United States at least, are open to all alike on the same and equal terms, so that no citizen is prevented from acquiring these essential qualifications, and none of his Inalienable Rights are alienated. The second rule of the bank robbing game requires that, in addition to his indubitable respectability, the robber must do his Work from the Inside. Any other procedure is not only bad form, but can only be properly described as Vulgarity, and utterly unworthy of a true Gentleman.

The education of the James Boys had been sadly neglected, went on the Young Observer, and, reasoning from their inner consciousness, and always remembering that this was a Free Country, they proceeded to enforce their Heas of the Sacred Rights of Property and Law and Order by the methods most convenient to their hands—generally six-shooters.

This was the way of it: Frank and Jesse James would board a passenger train at some convenient city, first taking care to purchase tickets. Both were scrupulously honest, and made it a point of honor to pay their car fare. When the train was well under way, Jesse would go forward to the engine and request the engineer to stop the train, in order that he and his brother Frank might have an opportunity to give the passengers a little lecture, with practical illustrations, on Law and Order. The engineers always complied with any request made by Jesse, knowing that Law and Order was his strong point, and that he was not to be trifled with on the subject. Then Jesse would march the engineer back to a passenger coach, always giving him a front seat, that he might not miss any of the lecture. Having seated these gentlemen (I forgot to mention, said the Young Observer, that Jesse always invited the fireman and the conductor of the train to join the engineer, and they never refused), as I said, having seated these gentlemen, Jesse would stand in the front door of the car, with a cocked six-shooter in each hand (Jesse was never able to make his lecture effective without his six-shooters for pointers and to give the proper punctuation), and deliver his justly celebrated lecture, as follows:

"Hands up! ladies and gentlemen. I am Jesse James. This is my brother Frank. We are here as Exponents of Law and Order. You all believe in Law and Order. I am the Law, and it is my Order that you hold up your hands. If any gentleman (or lady) allows his (or her) hands to drop, I will blow the Top of his (or her) Head Off. You will understand that I am opposed to all violence, and if you keep order there will be no bloodshed. My brother Frank will pass through the car with a Bag, and any jewelry or money you have about you he will put in the Bag. It will be entirely Safe. I have no references with me, but I assure you that I am Jesse James, and I feel confident that you can trust me implicitly. No back talk. If you talk back, I will treat you just as I would if you took your hands down—that is, I will blow the Top of your Head —. Yes, this is a Free Country. I believe in Free Speech. You can talk all you Wish when I am gone. No doubt, you would, one and all, like to make a few remarks. No; this is not a lecture on the Tariff; though the Tariff is a Tax. Yes; the Money Question is an important One. But, friends, and I trust I may call you so, there is no good reason for antagonism between us; our interests are Mutual; you have my solemn assurance that there will be no trouble so long as You Obey the Law and Keep Order—or Of: goes the Top of Your Head. All right, Frank? So soon? This is such a

splendid audience—so Orderly, and inspired with such a Respect for the Law—that I hate to leave them. Ah, well—every happy moment has an end. Come on, Frank. Good-night, dear friends, good-night."

Frank and Jesse gave this entertainment many times, and to audiences of the most varied characteristics. Jesse became very proficient in his Delivery, and wherever his lecture was delivered it made a Deep and Lasting Impression upon all who heard it.

But, alas for the man who lives behind his time! Some Eminent Gentlemen—competitors of the James Boys—who were in the Law and Order business on Their Own Private Account, offered a reward for Jesse, Dead or Alive, and one day he who had always striven to carry out his Crude theories of Law and Order, face to face, and Man to Men, was shot in the Back and instantly Killed.

Think what Jesse James might have done had he adopted Modern Methods. But at least he died in the vigor of his manhood. He did not live to work the James in literature, nor was he ever elected to the United States Senate "as an incident in his career as a railroad man."

This, said the Young Observer, brings me to Law and Order and Modern Methods.

## RAILROADING IN THE UNITED STATES.

BEING A HEART TO HEART TALK

Between

### TWO CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

One of Whom

#### KNOWS HIS BUSINESS.

An Eminent Gentleman—What do you think of the James Boys?

A Very Eminent Gentleman—Smart boys, mighty smart boys, both of them. But behind their time. Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard methods win small reward in these days.

Eminent Gentleman—But at least they were courageous?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Courageous? Well, yes, if you like. But courage ain't like—well, a first mortgage bond, for instance. Now, there is something worth having. You get your interest every year, or oftener, and then you get your principal when due—or take the property—or perhaps you get a new bond for a longer period, sometimes a hundred years to run. Courage gets nothing like that. Besides the courageous chap runs great risk—his liable to be killed, or get crippled for life, and starve his years out. No, give me the Bond, or even a gilt-edge stock—I pass up the Courage.

Eminent Gentleman—Well, at least, the James Boys made Courage pay, from the standpoint of money.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Pay? What do you mean by pay? They took their lives in their hands at all times. How much money did they ever get? A few thousand dollars. They never dreamed of a million. And the little they had they couldn't enjoy. They never owned a yacht, never drank a really good wine, like this (draining his glass), never went to Europe; had to live in any old place to keep away from our officers; suffered untold hardships; couldn't go North in the Summer, or South in the Winter, as we do; couldn't have a harem, or a mistress in every Society centre, or even "two establishments;" neither of them ever hobnobbed with a crowned Head, or even a crowned Head's brother, or was the guest of honor at a Waldorf banquet, or got into the United States Senate, or broke into Congress. In short, to sum all up, the James Boys never stole enough to make them Respectable; and they never could by their methods—not in a thousand years.

Eminent Gentleman—What do you mean by Their methods—how do you define the difference between their methods and ours?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Very clearly, and easily. Theirs was the Direct, ours is the Indirect Method. It is the difference between the work of a Master hand and that of an armless infant. The Direct Method of Robbing is bungling, dangerous, inefficient, and ill-paid. The Indirect Method is smooth, safe, efficient, and its rewards are fabulous. Besides, in practising the Direct Method a man must always Work himself, whereas by the Indirect Method others Work for us. By the Direct Method a thief must go after his Own, by the Indirect Method it is brought to him. Again, the Direct Method often fails of its object; a fellow plans and works, and then gets Cheated out of his Reward; perhaps the bank vault was empty, or he may have had to light out just as he got it open; besides, the Direct Method of Robbery always gives the man you are robbing a chance to Put Up a Fight. That is wrong. I do not believe in Violence, and a man should not have a Chance. The Indirect Method avoids all these disagreeable features, eliminates all chance, and is as certain and sure as gravity and mathematics. Besides, by the Direct Method, whenever you Rob a man he Knows it. This is Wrong; it is almost a Sin. It is certainly immoral. If one man cannot rob another without his knowing it, he should not be Allowed to follow the Profession—not more than a surgeon should be allowed to practise if he refused to avail himself of the use of anaesthetics. When the Indirect Method is used properly, and by skilful hands, the persons robbed not only do not know it, but often regard the robbers as their Benefactors. This is as it should be.

Eminent Gentleman—How great do you suppose if the difference between the amounts secured by the James Boys by their Direct Method and the rewards that go to those who have successfully developed the Indirect Method?

Very Eminent Gentleman—The difference is immeasurably vast. To illustrate—there are 83,000 Convicts in the penitentiaries of the United States. Some of them are innocent, some of them are there for other crimes than stealing. But suppose the entire 83,000 were Robbers, and suppose they were all illiterate—they could not steal as Much in the rest of their natural lives by the Direct Method as we get in a Single Day by our strictly up-to-date management.

Eminent Gentleman—You call these methods the Direct and Indirect. Can you not be more explicit?

Very Eminent Gentleman—With pleasure. The Direct Method of robbery can only take something from a man After he gets it. This is Wrong, not to

say brutal (under this method even We could be robbed), and it often leads to violence, which is ever to be avoided. The Indirect Method of Robbery takes something from a man Before he gets it—that is to say, diverts it from him to Us, and he knows not that it is his.

Eminent Gentleman—Give me an instance, if you can.

Very Eminent Gentleman—As before, with pleasure. You and I and our fellows are in the Railroad "business." That is to say, we own railway stocks and bonds. Now, let us see what we did last year. We received from all sources the gross amount of \$1,569,468,312. (a) Out of this sum we paid about \$500,000,000 for useful labor, about the same for other expenses, including the purchase of judges, legislatures, governors, congressmen, mayors, aldermen, etc., and we had left available nearly \$500,000,000 for dividends on stocks and interest on bonds. But we did not divide up all of it, as it was thought wise to put a snug sum in the surplus reserve. (b)

Eminent Gentleman—But that is not my question. What I wish to know is about robbing a man of something Before he gets it.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Patience, my dear sir. Now, where do you suppose that more than \$500,000,000 of profits, net, velvet, graft, swag, came from? Think of it—more than the total expenditures of the United States Government (leaving out the item of interest on the public debt), more than the total revenue of any other Government on earth; think of it, more than Croesus dreamed of; more than Midas could have touched had he a hundred hands; more than the President of the United States would receive in 10,000 years at his annual salary of (\$50,000) a year. Think of it, think of it! And every dollar of it a living, shining speaking monument to the merits of the Indirect Method! Where now is Captain Kidd? Where are Turpin, and Sheppard, and the James Boys?—ah, where indeed? But they had their uses, they had their uses. I do not seek to deprive them of their due credit. They served the great purpose of showing the Utter Futility of the Direct Method.

Eminent Gentleman—But my question, my dear sir. Where did the \$500,000,000 profit come from?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Yes, yes; pardon my elation. I feel deeply on this subject. I can with becoming modesty say that I have played no small part in the systematic development of this great Indirect Method. Where did it come from? Where Should it come from? Where Could it come from? Why, from the withheld wages of the million men who work on the roads, from the Long Hours of their Labor, from the Skinning and Fleecing and Crowding of them, always getting the Same work for Less Money, or More work for the Same money—but they do not know it, we know it. We always get a workman to drive a workman; they may compete with and cuss each other, but they'll never get on to us. Whenever we have any dirty work to be done, we get a workman to do it. He's got to do it, or get fired—and starve. Where did that \$500,000,000 profits come from? Why, bless you! it came from every man, woman and child in the United States. Yes, and it will keep on coming, and more, too. We'll get something from the child born to-night, and every child to be born, forever and forever. We've got 'em. They

(a) Report Interstate Commerce Commission, 1900.

(b) Our V. E. G. and his pals divided up last year as follows: Interest on bonds, \$244,447,806; dividends on stocks, \$140,343,653—total, \$384,791,459. They also put \$92,550,889 into their surplus. There is other graft; these are the large items. In the last eleven years railroad stock and bondholders in the United States have received as follows: Dividends on stocks, \$1,042,347,199; interest on bonds, \$2,897,332,068—total, to our V. E. G. and his fellows: \$3,949,679,267.



can't get away. They've got to pay, forever. Where did it come from? Why, man, every pound of cotton from Alabama, and every cotton hat from Connecticut; every orange from Florida, and grape from California; every nail from Pittsburgh, and every grain of wheat from Minnesota—they all had to go to market, they had to go by rail or boat—and we own both—and out of the value of each and everything we get a part. For carrying man, beast, or thing, we charge the cost, plus a Profit—and then the men work so Cheap. Whether the girl crimps her hair with a curling-iron or a curl-paper, it had to go over our road, and she pays us. Be it pargoric for the baby, bitters for the old man, or a hairpin for the old lady, it's all the same. We subtract a part from everything of value the country over every year—we will make it semi-annually, quarterly, monthly, daily, oftener—we'll get more, more, all the time more—yes, yes, and it must be hourly, forever! Oh, I must compound my interest hourly! Ah, the Indirect Method! It can't be beat. There's nothing like it. Where are the shades of the James Boys? They dare not look at me! I'll get a rake-off on All the things of All the people of All the earth for All time.

Eminent Gentleman (uneasily)—You say "I," meaning yourself. You will pardon me, but I trust you meant "we,"—you and I, and a few others.

Very Eminent Gentleman (with a snaky look)—Yes, yes, I meant "we." But it'll soon be "I." Why, my dear sir, see where we are already. Just glance at these railways. (c) Ten of us control the entire railway business of the nation now. Yes, yes, and I control the other nine—no, no, except you, my dear friend, except you.

Eminent Gentleman—I trust I may trust you. But, really, the way you used that "I" sounded unpleasant in my ears. (d)

(b) Says Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor: "Ten men control the railroad business of the United States, and nearly all of them live in the City of New York."

The Interstate Commerce Commission says: "It is a matter of common knowledge that vast schemes of railway control are in process of consummation, and that the competition of the rival lines is to be restrained by these combinations. If the plans already foreshadowed are to be brought into effective results, there will be a vast centralization of railroad properties with all the power involved in such far-reaching combinations, yet uncontrolled by any public authority."

Commenting on this statement of the Commission, Carroll D. Wright says: "This is a statement which will gradually, and more rapidly as time goes on, sink into the consciousness of this country, and when it does that instead of ten men it is five, then instead of five it is three, and instead of three it is one man that controls all the railroad interests of the country, it will be found that public sentiment will not be afraid of the trend toward Socialism."

(f) It should be stated in fairness that Mr. Wright is not a Socialist. He says: "After many years of investigation into the social, moral and industrial condition of the people, I came to the conclusion that in the adoption of the philosophy of the religion of Christ as a Practical Creed for the Conduct of Business (sic), there was to be found the surest and speediest solution of the difficulties which excite the minds of men." Imagine teaching the "philosophy of the religion of Christ" to blocks of stocks and bonds! They are convertible each into the other and into cash, but a fool (not meaning Mr. Wright) would not need "many years" to find that the conversion of these inalienable pieces of paper to Christianity would be easier than to convert their owners to the adoption of the philosophy of the religion of Christ and apply it to their business.)

(c) M. E. Ingalls, president of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis R.R. Co. (2,287 miles) and of the Clin. Nor. R. R. (402 miles), in a paper read before the annual convention of the State Railroad Commissioners, let out this miserable whine in a laudatory address to the Interstate Commerce Law and certain Supreme Court decisions. The quotations are from the report as published in the Railroad Gazette, a paper devoted to the interests of our V. E. G. and his pals:

"Men managing large corporations, who would trust their opponent with their pocket-book with untold thousands in it (?) will hardly trust his agreement for the maintenance of tariffs while they are in the room together."

"The railway official who desires to be honest sees traffic leave his line."

"The result is, these men in despair are driven to do just what their opponents are doing. They become Law-Breakers themselves."

"So one is going to try and send his competitor to prison. Besides, there is the fear

Very Eminent Gentleman—Yes, my dear friend, you may trust me. You Must trust me. [The Very Eminent Gentleman has the Eminent Gentleman on the hip, and true indeed he Must trust him. But our Eminent Gentleman is safe for a month or a year—just so long as our Very Eminent Gentleman has use for him, and no longer. Then he, Eminent Gentleman that he has been, takes his place in the human discard and wreckage along with the workman out of a job. It'll go hard with him, and he has our sympathy in a strictly personal sense, but he can learn in no other way. He himself hopes to be a Very Eminent Gentleman some day, and he will only know the power of the V. E. G. when he has felt it—but just now he is a staunch defender of the Sacred Rights of Property—His Property—soon to be the Property of our V. E. G.]

Eminent Gentleman—Well, let that pass. To be sure, we got a round \$500,000,000 of profits last year, but we earned it. The roads were run efficiently, and with a high degree of safety, so far as life and limb were involved.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Safely and efficiently, certainly. Out of the millions of passengers carried, only 219 were killed, and only 4,128 injured. They cost us a lot of money, though—reduced Profits appreciably—but we'll fix that soon. [See Appendix A.]

Eminent Gentleman—How? Can railway travel be made absolutely safe?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Practically so, certainly. But that's nonsense. Besides, it would cost money, and add to the operating expenses. But we will have that all right shortly. We now have such a control of the Government and Courts that with slight modification of the laws and judicial rulings it'll cost persons injured on our roads more to get damages from us than they'll amount to. That's where we want 'em. The Greed of Some People is not understandable. We furnish a railway, people can use it or not, but, having used it, it's a shame for them to rob us of our Profits if they happen to get hurt.

Eminent Gentleman—Well, we can afford to pay something if we only kill that many passengers, and we have our \$500,000,000 yearly profits left after the lawsuits and damages are deducted. I suppose an employee is injured occasionally. Not many, I hope.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Not many! What's the matter with you, my dear sir? Why do you bring up everything disagreeable to-night? Not many employees killed and injured? We, mind you, say "we" now—not I, but we—killed 2,550 employees last year, and we crippled 38,643 others. Too bad, too bad. But, never mind. They didn't cost much. Mighty few of Them got any damages from us. We've fixed that all right.

Eminent Gentleman (shocked)—My God, man! Do you mean to tell me that our railroads killed and injured 39,193 of our employees in one year alone?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Tut, tut, man, don't worry. They cost us next to nothing.

that he himself may have committed transgressions which in turn will be discovered and punishment inflicted upon himself."

"Unless some change is made, the small shippers of the country will be extinguished, and a few men of large capital will control the entire merchandise business. The railways . . . will be seized upon by large capitalists and combined into one monstrous company."

"There has been no change made, the monstrous company is already here, and at the present rate of progress we shall soon have one man controlling the monstrous railroad company, and the merchandise business, and the manufacturing business, and every other business. It should be added that Mr. Ingalls is merely a hired man, and not himself one of the Ten.)

Eminent Gentleman—But, I say, I don't want to kill men by the thousands, even though it costs nothing. Have you no conscience?

Very Eminent Gentleman—To be sure, to be sure. But I've had it Fixed. My pastor, a Bishop—yes, sir, a Bishop—a Bishop of United States Railways, he, ha!—my pastor assures me I'm all right, though he made me Pay for It, confound him! (What business has a man with his eye for business in the Church? He should have been one of Us.) In addition to my pastor's assurances, I have taken steps on my own account regarding that conscience of mine. I was always conscientious.

Eminent Gentleman—Taken steps on your own account? What do you mean? You can't make cripples whole, can you? or raise the dead?

Very Eminent Gentleman—My friend, you little realize the powers of wealth. I have not done exactly that, but I come near it. I subscribe liberally to Charity, and I have endowed a maternity hospital for poor women. (e) It has cost me a lot of money, but I'll get it all back.

Eminent Gentleman—Your Iron Nerve is too much for me. However, tell me how you will get it back.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Simplest thing in the world. Every child born must consume wealth to live. The more children in the world the more wealth required. Every penny's worth of wealth must go over My railroads. That's where I get it back. Besides, when the children of my maternity hospital grow up, I'll need some of them on my roads to take the places of the thousands of killed. No, no, that isn't it—charity children won't grow up strong enough for that. I only employ the strongest and most robust of men or my railroads. (f) Oh, well, these children will go to work in the sweatshops when old enough, then I'll get my money back, and more, too. Ah, ha! my Bishop, my Bishop of Rolling Stock! you're not so great as I thought. I am the man. Had my Bishop been my equal, he'd have gotten twice as much out of me. I owe him money, and he don't know it.

Eminent Gentleman—My dear friend, again you speak of Your railroads. Your lapses from the "we" trouble me. But you say that these 39,193 employees killed and wounded last year cost us next to nothing. How is that? Do they not sue us, and get damages?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Sue us? Our employees? My dear sir, nearly every one of our employees is required to sign a paper to the effect that "if employment is obtained, I agree to assume all the risks and dangers incident thereto, and to abide by the rules of said company." (g)

Eminent Gentleman—But isn't that illegal? Can a man sign away his civil rights? Must he do so in order to get employment? Don't the Courts protect him?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Civil rights? Courts? Sir, this is a Free Country, and a man cannot be deprived of his right to make a Free Contract with whom he pleases. Courts? I own the courts. I put judges on the bench, and I take them off the bench. Our judges are not fools. They know their creator. If they can't be gotten off the bench in any other way, I give them a

(e) It is, of course, impossible for any one to suppose that any particular individuals are referred to in this paper. I have only to do with the truth, as shown in the official documents of the railroads, and the facts known of all men.

(f) Before giving a man employment in most departments the railway management usually require them to undergo examination by one of their own surgeons, and their physical condition must come up to a high standard. This is at least considerate of them. It would be a shame to kill sick men.

(g) See Bulletin of the U. S. Department of Labor, November, 1901.

better job. If necessary, I'd make a Secretary of State of the United States out of one of them. (h) Besides, if the courts go back on us, we have other methods. What chance has an injured employee to get damages except through the evidence of his fellow employees? They well know what happens to them if they give evidence that costs the road money.

Eminent Gentleman—What does happen to them?

Very Eminent Gentleman—They're fired forthwith, and do not give them a recommendation (a clearance card), (i) and they can never again enter the railway service.

Eminent Gentleman—Can they not go to some other road, and get employment under an assumed name?

Very Eminent Gentleman—How little you know of railways. Honestly, I am surprised that We (that is, You) are in the business. When we fire a man he's out of the railway world forever. How so? Our roads never employ a man unless he can furnish sworn vouchers as to his character from two citizens (not relatives of the applicant) as to moral character, (j) fitness, habits, especially regarding his use of liquor, (k) and to the effect that they themselves would trust him. We always look up these references. He must also make oath as to where he was last employed, by whom, and why he left such employment; also whether he has ever been dismissed from Any situation, giving particulars as to the number of times, when, and where, and for what cause. (l) He must also state whether he has any person dependent upon him for support, and we always make preference in the employment of those applicants who have no one dependent upon them for support, so, if we kill them, there is no one to get damages, anyhow. In the last ten years we have killed and injured 318,064 (m) of our employees, and it is mighty little damages they have ever gotten from Us.

Eminent Gentleman—Heavens, man! this is worse than war. The killed and wounded on both sides at the battle of Gettysburg, the most bloody of the Civil War, was less than the number killed and injured annually by our rail-

(h) Alfred Henry Lewis has repeatedly published a report to the effect that Walter Q. Gresham was given the portfolio of State to get him off the bench of a District Court of the United States, where he has been handing down decisions adverse to the corporations. Lewis gave him authority for his statement. And this we know, that Gresham on the bench was a thorn in the side of the corporations, that he resigned to take the office of Secretary of State, and that a man of altogether different character and calibre took his place with the scales of justice. This was related by Lewis without prejudice to Gresham—the inference being that he was bought and sold without knowing it—which has happened to many a good man.

(i) Bulletin Department of Labor, November, 1902.

(j) Imagine the man who inherits Jay Gould's money requiring evidence as to another man's moral character!

(k) Or J. Pierpont Morgan, with his costly wines for himself and his trainload of blessed Bishops, asking as to another man's use of liquor!

(l) For all of which, and much more of the same, see U. S. Dept. of Labor Bulletin, November, 1901.

(m) See Reports of Interstate Commerce Commission. They show, for the last ten years, 21,847 railway employees killed and 296,217 injured—total, 318,064. Recently the number has been increasing absolutely and relatively to the whole number of employees.

ways in the United States. (u) Do you mean to tell me that the operation of your railways is equivalent to a battle of Gettysburg each year, and you have never been hanged, or shot, or imprisoned—that you walk at large, a free man?—a Free Murderer! That the victims of our railways get no damages, let alone pensions, that they die for a miserable wage, without honor in life, and without monument after death—all to make Profits for You?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Oh, I say, business is business, and do not forget the "We," my very dear friend. What are you whining about? We get our \$50,000,000 a year, don't we? Why are we in the railway business? Is it not to make money? We make it, don't we? Pensions? honor? monuments? for a lot of dead brakemen and engineers, ignorant and dirty, who simply do their duty, anyhow.

Iminent Gentleman—But, man, we went to war with Spain to save fewer lives and remedy lesser abuses than are the regular thing in the railway industry. I should think the people of the United States—the Government—would interfere with us. It is a wonder they do not take these roads from us.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Sir, you little understand why we went to war with Spain. As for the Government of the United States, We Are the Government. Yes, and we are the State governments, and the city governments, and the county governments—yes, yes, and the church, and the press, and the courts, and everything else worth while in this Free Country.

Eminent Gentleman—But how are We the Government? You are not in Congress, nor am I.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Tut, tut, man. But we are Congress nevertheless. We send there only the men we want. We control both great parties. They only nominate the men we desire—those who will serve us faithfully. (o) If a man occasionally slips in who opposes us, we Buy him; if he is not for sale, we Ruin him. Besides, we own voters as well as officials. When it

(n) The Union and Confederate dead and wounded at the battle of Gettysburg made a total of 32,865. Last year's killed and injured employees of the railways was 39,193, as given on another page, from official reports, which were made up by the Commission from returns made by the companies themselves—no doubt the Eminent Gentlemen who sent in these returns lied like pickpockets, just as our Very Eminent Gentleman will do when a safe occasion offers, and something is to be gained by it, but they didn't lie making the number too large. Our V. E. G. and his pals are like all other murderers—their first instinct is to hide the corpse of their victim.

(o) Hon. Bird S. Coler, in Munsey's Magazine for May, 1900: "Every great combination of business and capital in the commercial world begins by establishing relations with political power and influence." Coler himself is concerned in a "great combination of business and capital." He knows what he is talking about—his own precinct pals.

Said the New York Journal in a recent editorial: "In all these transactions, the principals are our 'high-minded' business men. All through the week you read of them as great factors in 'our commercial life.' On Sundays you hear of them in Church or in Society. Private cars, yachts, the very highest-class 'Society scandals,' are associated with them. And among the whole lot there is not enough common honesty to fit out a reformed burglar. No brewer, knowing their real characters, would back them in the starting of a cheap saloon. He would be afraid that they would steal the fixtures. What a nice pack they are to talk of 'National honor.' To lecture labor unionists, to uphold Socialists concerning the 'rights of property.' They respect no rights. They have no honor. They are thieves, common thieves, and uncommon liars. They could not be trusted with the money of a dead friend. They are the lowest, the most unworthy class in the whole community. They steal without poverty for an excuse. They lie without the wretched plea of necessity."

(Statements of this same character, and from equally high sources, could be produced without number, and prove conclusively that our V. E. G. knows that he and his whole class, with a few individual exceptions, is totally without anything that could be called morality or honesty where a dollar is at stake.)

becomes necessary, we buy whole constituencies, and they never even know that they are bought—or sold. (p)

Eminent Gentleman—But this \$500,000,000 a year that we tax out of the people. King George III. never touched more than a tithe of that, and yet the people went to a seven years' war to stop his game of Graft. I should think, if necessary, they would go to war to stop this taxation by us. How do we succeed in preventing them?

Very Eminent Gentleman—My distinguished friend, George III. knew no more about the art of Scientific robbery than did our friends the James Boys. King George employed, like them, the Direct Method. We, as I have endeavored to point out, employ only the Indirect Method. Roughly speaking, about one-half of that \$500,000,000 per annum is exploited from our employes as withheld wages, and about half we tax out of all the people of the United States through our monopoly privileges. Now, suppose that we were to go to the 76,000,000 people of the United States each year and try to collect from each one—man, woman and child—\$6.50, which is the amount that we really get. It could not be done. There are not soldiers enough, nor sheriffs nor deputy sheriffs enough, in the world to do it. It would ruin industry—in fact, it would end industry. The people would no longer produce anything for us to steal. Nothing else, surely. But our Indirect Method gets this same amount from them and our employes each year with neatness and certainty, without risk to our necks or our property, and all is quiet and calm, and the dear people really think that We Are Eminent Gentlemen.

Eminent Gentleman—But the employes; why do they submit to our withholding their hard earned wages? Why do they allow themselves to be killed and injured for our profit? Why do they not strike, and strike again, and again, until they get their own?

Very Eminent Gentleman—You little understand employes. They are the easiest thing in our game. We ever inculcate in all our employes the notion that they are to be promoted. Some of them we do promote. Every fellow on the road has his eye on the fellow above him who has a better job and gets from ten cents to a dollar a day more. Every one of them is as humble as can be; every one of them will not only do his own duty, but do it twice over, if opportunity arises, thinking it will be noticed by his "superior" and that he will be "advanced." Of course, a lot of them are killed (2,550 last year) before their time for advancement comes; others (36,643 last year) are incapacitated for advancement by their injuries. In fact, these last, if not thrown out of the service entirely, are set back and down to the poorest-paid positions, never again to go forward. And even those that are advanced do not get

(p) The Illinois Central Railway has been trying to get farmers and others, residing along its line, to take one share of stock each, offering to carry every holder of a share of its stock to and from Chicago once a year free of charge at the time of the annual meeting. They have also endeavored to get employes to invest in their shares. It is absolutely safe to say, however, that these small holders will never be allowed to get control—unless our Very Eminent Gentleman should find himself able to make money by bearing the stock or otherwise. As a matter of fact, the real purpose of this move is to raise up a small army of electors who will think themselves railroad capitalists and that their interests are identical with those of the Very Eminent Gentlemen who get the Graft. It differs in no way, except in degree, from the methods pursued by the Eminent Gentlemen who ruined the Roman Republic, debauching the electorate by giving the people a feed of corn about election time—just as one holds out an ear of corn or a handful of salt to catch a horse in pasture. But the people are usually fooled with even less trouble, and certainly at less expense, than the horse.

mich, q) but they always have "hopes" of going higher. These "hopes" of the men cost us nothing, so they are encouraged.

Eminent Gentleman—But these thousands of killed and injured. I am surprised that we are able to get men to work at such a fearful occupation. They must know the dangers of the business. Why do they do it?

Very Eminent Gentleman—You little understand men. Do you suppose there is a man in the railway service who thinks that He will be Killed or injured. Certainly not. John thinks it will be Jim, and Jim thinks it will be John. It will be both, probably, so they are both right in their guess.

Eminent Gentleman—But why don't they quit the business? I am surprised that we are able to get men.

Very Eminent Gentleman—They don't quit the business because they are not allowed to. I do not mean that we will not allow them to quit. But they do not own railways, so they must Work on railways or starve. There are few places in other callings that are not always filled. They can no more get out of the business than a Convict can get Out of Jail. We who Own the roads are not obliged to work on them.

Eminent Gentleman—But why don't they go on strike, all at one time, and not go back to work until we double their pay and treat them fairly, and make their occupation as safe as possible?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Why? They have been on strike; not all at once, to be sure; but when did they win a strike? As soon as they strike, we have only to call out the militia, or the federal armies, and possess of deputy sheriffs, kill a few, cripple a few, and send a few to jail, and it is all over. In a week or a month they are begging to be taken back, and we weed out all those of spirit and independence. Then the others keep their proper place for a long time. Do not misunderstand me. We do not kill them. The forces of Law and Order do that. But we have a scheme on hand now to stop even these small strikes.

Eminent Gentleman—What is that?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Peace commissions, arbitration, conciliations, my dear sir. Arbitration and conciliation and a joint committee.

Eminent Gentleman—But why should we arbitrate when we have the best of it?

Very Eminent Gentleman—We won't arbitrate when we have the best of it. But these men get ugly sometimes. Even a worm will turn. We only arbitrate when the men have a chance to get the best of Us. Whenever we have them, as in the steel strike, for instance, we'll tell them "There is nothing to

(c) Engineers, taking all the ronds of the United States, average \$3.75 a day—when they work. They are the highest-paid workers in the railway service except the general and other officers. Of course, some of them get more than \$3.75, and some less. There are less than 10,000 (including presidents and other high officials) men on the railways of the United States who get higher wages than the engineers. Imagine it, if you can. These chaps (many of them, not all consider themselves aristocrats in the railway world on \$3.75 a day. Firemen average \$2.14, and nearly every one of them thinks life would have its full fruition if he could only "get an engine." But there is this to be said for the firemen. If they can keep from being killed a few years, they really do get promoted, for engineers are killed almost as rapidly as they can be made; but a fireman is killed almost as often as an engineer. The fireman, however, does not look at it in this light. With him it is always the engineer who is going to be killed. What is considered to be "Reward" of promotion in some of the other branches of the railway service has less of tragedy in it (though the fatalities are only small by comparison). Station agents average \$1.75 per diem; other station men average \$1.60. Each of these "other station men" thinks that at last life's joys would be real if he only were "promoted" to be a station agent at a raise of fifteen cents per day. But, alas for human aspiration! "Other station men" are killed off much more rapidly than agents (the latter being largely in the house while the former are required to be about the trains), so that "promotions" are scarce in this branch of the service.

Arbitrate!" But if they happen to catch Us in a bad time, then we'll arbitrate, and we'll fix that all right so there'll be no danger to Us.

Eminent Gentleman—Wouldn't a fair arbitrator, looking at the awful conditions of the railroad employees, be likely to give the men anything they might ask?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Who said anything about a fair arbitrator? I'll attend to that. Why do I keep a Bishop? why do I carry him across the continent with me? why do I build him churches?—support his churches and him? Yes, why? Confound him, he ain't worth half what he costs me! Well, well, maybe I'll get something out of him some time.

Eminent Gentleman—My question—you have not answered it.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Yes, to be sure. Well, if it comes to arbitration, don't you see, I'll put up my blessed Bishop. He's the man for the job. He'll talk to the men about the nobility of Labor, the Just Reward of Capital, the Reconciliation of Labor and Capital, and how they ought to be friends, and all that, don't you see? But he'll decide in MY favor. He'll give the men his sympathy, but I'll get the decision. I'll get the goods, and the men will get a splendid sermon on peace, harmony, and a contented mind.

Eminent Gentleman—But if the arbitrator gives them the worst of it, I should think the men would not stand it.

Very Eminent Gentleman—They'll have to stand it. Suppose they do not abide by the decision. The papers (the press) start in on them; public opinion is aroused against them. I Own the press; I Make public opinion; public opinion is MY opinion. The men must stand to their contract. Public Opinion can beat the men, but it can't beat me.

Eminent Gentleman—But suppose the arbitrator wronged the men; suppose is aroused against them. I Own the press; I Make public opinion; public opinion (there's a lot of little weekly papers owned by working men, and their aggregate influence must be great)—what then?

Very Eminent Gentleman—What then? Well, if worst comes to worst, I'll Spit on the Bait.

Eminent Gentleman—What do you mean?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Why, I'll give them some trifling thing not called for by the arbitrator's decision. Something that looks like something, but isn't anything; something that amounts to nothing—especially, something that costs nothing; or if it costs money, something that will bring in two dollars for each one dollar paid out.

Eminent Gentleman—How?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Simplest thing in the world. I'll let the conductors and station agents put more brass buttons on their uniforms, put more brass cord on the brakeman's hat, or raise the wages of the engineers thirty cents for each two dollars' worth of coal and oil they save. Yes, yes, I see it all. In a real emergency I'll get one of My United States Senators to pronounce a funeral oration over some of the men I kill—tell those left alive how their comrade died in the harness, in the line of duty, his hand on the throttle and all that—jolly the live ones along with gilded metaphor, and sprinkle the dead man's grave with the roses of rhetoric, and incidentally tell the fools how much I value their services (which I do), and how their welfare is my constant study. My Senators don't half earn their pay, anyhow. There's nothing doing for the railroads in the Senate half the time. Day after day they have nothing on hand but a lot of foreign treaties, or something there's no money in for me. It is a shame that I have to pay them, too, when

they get a salary from the government, anyhow.

Eminent Gentleman—You certainly understand the matter; but, do you know, I do not feel entirely safe?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Safe! Man, what's to be feared?

Eminent Gentleman—Well, killing and crippling so many men—39,193 last year; I can't forget the number—and getting so much money; somehow it worries me. You know what always happens to the fattest hog.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Hey? What? Hogs? There's money in them; I know that. What about them?

Eminent Gentleman—Only the fatter the hog the nearer he is to the brine. "The butcher, with bare and thirsty blade, stalks ever nearer to the fattest hog." We're getting everything. We do nothing but accumulate useless dollars (fat). What will we do with them all? Is it worth while?

Very Eminent Gentleman—Do with them? I'll be king, with such powers as no king ever had before. I'll not stop with railroads, or steamships, or the United States, or this hemisphere. I'll own every mine, mill and factory; every foot of land, and every drop of water; every man, woman and child; every beast and bird and fish and snake the world over. I'll be lord of the earth. I'll make kings kneel to me; I'll make the people sweat blood for me; I'll make my Bishop go to hell for me. [See Appendix B.] Man, I'll be the ruler of the universe! Oh, that we might communicate with the stars. This world's too small, so small! Why, man, I am no accumulator of dull and dormant fat. Every added dollar is added power, power, power!

Eminent Gentleman—But what's the use? You'll die and leave them.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Oh, that hurts! How it hurts! I do not mean it hurt to die! but to leave these dollars, these precious dollars, that have cost so dear. The labor of a lifetime, these accumulations. But who knows? Must one die? Money can do all things. Yes, yes, all things. I'll put some ore to work, some great men. For centuries sophists and philosophers, chemists and alchemists, astronomers and astrologers, brave men and coward men, giant minds and pigmy ones, sought for the Elixir of Life—yes, yes, and in vain. Ah! But they held no such power in their hands as I hold now. They knew not how to search. They worked each for himself and could do little. They knew not Modern Methods. If I want a flying machine, it is mine, but I shall not make it myself; I shall employ the best brains of a hundred men, and I'll buy the children of their thoughts. If I want a boat to go under the sea, it too is mine; but neither shall I make it myself. There again I'd employ the best brains of another hundred men, again to purchase the offspring of their genius. I'd be liberal with them, too. They should have plenty to eat while they worked, but they wouldn't want much. And now the time cometh when I am old. I want the Elixir of Life. I will have it. I will not die, and leave my power, my precious dollars, to the squanderers. The scientists shall go to work for me—a hundred of them, a thousand of them—and they shall discover or invent another hundred years of life for me. No, my friend, I shall not die, not for a long, long time.

Eminent Gentleman—But think what it would cost; what a thousand of the world's greatest scientists would charge for their services.

Very Eminent Gentleman—Yes, yes, it's awful to pay out so much money; I shall be impoverished. But, no, I'll not, either, for I'll get it back; I'll take it away from them as soon as they get it.

Eminent Gentleman—How?

Very Eminent Gentleman—They'll have to spend it. Everything they buy they'll have to buy of me. I'll get my profit, I'll get my profit—a good round

profit, too. Yes, yes, and perhaps I can rob them of the Elixir; yes, rob them—by peaceful means, dear friend, and in an entirely Lawful and Orderly manner. The Indirect Method, eh, my friend—the Indirect Method, eh?

Eminent Gentleman—Confound it, if I didn't Want the Money, I'd get out of this confounded railway business—39,193 killed and injured last year; the number clings to me. It's awful. (Bids the V. E. G. good-night, and goes out.)

Very Eminent Gentleman—That fool has a conscience. He has no place in the railroad business. Never mind, he'll be out of it and out of his money soon. I can ruin him at any time, and I can't afford to have soft-hearted chaps like him about me. He'll do for a station agent. I wonder will he think it a "promotion"? What a fool world—all save me. (Draining his glass.) Costly wine that, \$23 a bottle; I can't afford it. Never mind, never mind; I'll take the vineyards—they shall be mine—all shall be mine. What a fool world—except Me.

## RAILROADING IN THE UNITED STATES.

### THE DULL BRAKEMAN

#### AND

### HIS BRIGHT LANTERN.

The Dull Brakeman—Now, Lantern, what do you think of all that? Is it true, do you suppose? Don't the fellows who own this road care anything about me and the other men? Would they truly rather kill and cripple us by thousands than lose dollars by hundreds or tens?

His Bright Lantern (sputtering spitefully)—Certainly it's true; every word of it. How many times have I told you the same, when you held me under your arm as you sat on the top of a brake? But what's the use? I have given you up. For two years now I have done my level best to teach you. I have talked to you in all sincerity and confidence; you have not abused my confidence, to be sure, but you have done worse—you have not profited by it. I intend to leave you. When the Boy trims me up to-morrow morning I am going to get him to place me on the second shelf, so that Big Joe will get me. He's got sense, though the boys do call him a crank. He hasn't half your brains, but he makes good use of such as he has.

Brakeman (turning the wick up a little)—You mean Big Joe the Switchman? He's one of those cranky Socialists. He'll lose his job the first thing he knows.

Lantern (daring up, excitedly)—Will he? Well, if he does, it will be the fault of chaps like you, who wouldn't help yourselves when he wanted to help you. Of course, You not being a Socialist, You'll never lose YOUR job. Oh, no; they won't fire You. You have been a brakeman now for eight years.

You won't live to be fired. You're nearly due. They'll kill you pretty soon.\* You've never been even injured yet. You've been so lucky you're a fool, and have a fool's luck. But they'll get you; they'll get you. They got Billy—killed him instantly in a collision; and they got Jim—cut off both his legs making a coupling; and John, they got him, poor fellow—he's in the asylum now; he was hit on the head by a bridge iron, and he with a wife and four children. The Super came down and gave his wife a full month's pay; but he made her sign a paper releasing the company from all responsibility. But that wife of his was a Woman—she makes a living now washing, and every week out she goes to the asylum carrying some delicacy or something or other to poor John. That's the only way you men have got the best of us Lanterns—your women folks. Funny thing about women—the more trouble you're in, the closer they stick to you; and there ain't one of you deserve it.

The Dull Brakeman—Well, well, I ought to be promoted soon. They have skipped me now a dozen times. They've promised to put me on a passenger the next vacancy. I haven't had a bad record mark for two years.

The Bright Lantern—Oh, yes, you'll get on a passenger, you will. They've skipped you a dozen times—so they won't skip you again. That would be thirteen, and unlucky—for you. But what's the use talking to you? And if you do get on a passenger, you've got So Much, haven't you? If I were as dull a Lantern as you are Brakeman they'd have smashed me long ago.

Brakeman—Well, be good now. What's the use in roasting me like this? I always treat you right, don't I?

Lantern—You've got to. You can't help it. If you don't treat me right I don't give any light. Treat me right? You better! If you didn't treat me right I'd have you fired. Every day I'm filled with the best of oil, and trimmed and polished and all fixed up. And I only work at night: have all day to rest and I enjoy myself. You have to work night and day, and there's no one cares a rap about you, just so you can wiggle around and "do your duty."

The Dull Brakeman—What should I do? I am only one. I can't do anything.

The Bright Lantern—Yes, you're only one. But you're one of a million men in the railroad industry. You can't do anything? You can do everything. Go to Big Joe, the Switchman. He knows what to do.

Brakeman—What'll he tell me?

The Bright Lantern—He'll tell you to be a Socialist. He'll tell you the government ought to own the railroads. When it does, your wages will be raised; your hours of labor shortened, and all the people will be benefited through a reduction of the price and cost of transportation.

The Dull Brakeman—How?

The Bright Lantern—Do you remember what the Very Eminent Gentleman said? Last year he and his pals got \$500,000,000 in profits out of the railroads, and they paid about the same amount in wages. Don't you see that if the government owns the railroads that \$500,000,000 could be used to raise wages? If it was all used in that way, it would be enough to double the wages of every useful man in the railroad industry. If that \$500,000,000 was not used to raise

\* Says the third annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30, 1888, as quoted in the Fifth Annual Report of the United States Commissioner of Labor: "A brakeman has only 31 chances in 145, or 1 in 4.7, of being allowed to die a natural death."

(Since that time it is to be supposed that the use of the automatic coupler has reduced to some extent the mortality among brakemen, but the total killed in the railway service that year—employees—was 2,070, and injured, 20,148. This shows that the proportion of killed and wounded (all branches of the railroad service) remains about the same. If anything, there is an absolute and relative increase of late years.)

wages, it could be used to reduce the hours of labor, and would be sufficient to cut those hours in half, employing twice as many men at the same wages. But you can't see that, not even when such a Wonderful Lantern as I tell you all about it. Or, it could be used to reduce charges, and would be sufficient to reduce all tariffs, freight and passenger, by one-third, and that in turn would mean more business to be done, which would of itself allow an increase of wages or further reductions in traffic charges. As a matter of fact, under government ownership that \$500,000,000 would not be entirely devoted to a single one of these three things, but would be applied proportionately to all. The first thing would be to reduce the hours of labor, say one-third, because there are idle men in the country looking for work, and also because you railway men are most of you overworked. This of itself would increase the business and revenues of the road, because a man earning wages asks all you railroad men to bring things to him, while a man without wages or funds lives on leavings and employs none of his fellow men. The second thing to be done would be to raise the wages of all railway men, say one-third, which, at the reduced hours, would make your job worth having and your life worth living. The third thing to be done would be to reduce traffic charges, thereby benefiting every man, woman and child in the land. [See Appendix C.] And at all times, and under all circumstances, no money would be spared to secure every life-saving and labor-saving device, and to provide for such of you men as were injured, and for the families of those who were killed. But there would be very few killed and injured under government ownership—Your ownership. Not only would you men benefit yourselves through government ownership of the railroad, but every other workingman would be benefited. Raise the wages of a single shoemaker or brakeman and you help every other working man or woman of whatever trade.

The Dull Brakeman—How? What have I to do with shoemakers?

His Bright Lantern—Stupid! If you get high wages you wear good shoes, do you not? If you get no wages, or low wages, you stick to the old ones, do you not? When you buy shoes, you make work for the shoemaker. When he gets good wages he goes somewhere, does he not? Or he buys things—does he not—that are carried over your railways and keep you at work? But you can't see that. And you buy a book, when you have good wages—don't you?—and keep the printer at work. But you don't read; though if you did, the printer and pressman and papermaker and machinist—all put to work by you when you bought the book—why, they'd all want hats—work for the hatters; and carpets—work for the weaver; and wires—work for the—that is, homes for the women. But, my boy, that's the way of it—help one workingman anywhere in the world, and you help every other working man the world over. It is useless talking to you, though. You'll never do anything but tell me your troubles, and growl because you're not "advanced," or because you are suspended.

Brakeman—But how about our Very Eminent Gentleman and his friends? They must have their profits. If they do not get their profits, they will not run the road.

His Bright Lantern (with a yellow and melancholy flicker)—What a brain you have! You make me think that monkeys can be taught to talk. It would surely be easier than teaching you to think.

Brakeman—Don't get fresh now, or I'll put you out.

Lantern—Don't you believe it. Put me out if you dare, and the conductor will report you, and you'll get a bad record mark, or a suspension for fifteen days—and then where's your promotion! I am not a Brakeman, my boy, and



I'll not stand it to be treated as one.

Brakeman—Well, let that go. Isn't it a fact that our Very Eminent Gentleman would quit work on the road were it not for his profits? Deny it if you can.

Lantern—Did you ever hear the like? Will our V. E. G. and his pals quit work on the road if you stop the interest on their bonds and the dividends on their stocks? On the contrary, my boy, when their Sacred Revenues are taken from them, then, for the first time, if ever, our Very Eminent Gentleman and his fellows will begin to work on the road. I know you labor under the misapprehension that these Eminent Gentlemen work on this road. You have often read that our V. E. G. said so, and doubtless believe it. You have a wonderful faculty for believing things that are not so, especially if they are told you by some V. E. G. in a high hat. But let us see what our V. E. G. is doing, say right now, this moment. Is he up there in the engine, with his hand on the throttle? or has he hold of the shovel, stoking? Is he acting as rear brakeman? or conductor? has he ever done your work for an hour or a day? Is he wielding a pick on the section in the day time? or walking the track at night? Is he acting as train dispatcher? or building cars? or cleaning fireboxes in the roundhouse? or risking his life making steel rails? or building bridges? On the dead, now, did you ever see or hear of him twisting a brake—just once? Not on your life.\*

The Dull Brakeman—Well, he must do something. What does he do, he and his friends, for their \$500,000,000 a year?

His Bright Lantern—What does he? Where is he now? He is drinking wine at his club, or at a banquet; or he is on the inside of a claw-hammer coat, dancing, or "sitting it out" in some cosy nook with a pretty woman (no working-man's daughter, thank God) who'll be the worse for his company, at some swell society function.

The Dull Brakeman—Oh, but this is night. He'll do his work to-morrow.

His Bright Lantern—To be sure. And what'll it be? Why, he'll be watching the stock ticker, waiting a chance to squeeze out some small "investors" who have tried to get in the Game with him. Or he'll look up some smart lawyer to prevent Your Widow from getting damages after he kills you. Or he'll be hunting up some smart fellow who has an improved scheme for making you do more work for the same money or the same work for less money—some new method for keeping tab on you, or making you think you are going to be "advanced," and get you to take it out in "thinking"—some plan by which he can get you to take another row of brass buttons, or a fresh set of "hopes" in lieu of more wages. Yes, he's working, don't you forget it—but he's working you and your fellows for suckers and fools, and it seems to be a mighty easy job. He is not running the road. He does not even sell the tickets and take in the money, but he has spotters who see to it that not a penny gets away from him. He work on the road? My boy, his agents and superintendents (just as great fools as you, though they get a little better pay for it) carry his money to the bank and deposit it for him. Then he's just strong enough to sign a check and get it out. That's the sum total of his work on the road. But do not worry. He'll never sign a check in favor of Your Widow and children when you're killed.

The Dull Brakeman—Why are you always harping about me being killed? I am not going to be killed.

\*One of the Vanderbilts, it is reported, really does work—useful work—and it is considered so remarkable for a man in his class to do a useful thing that the papers print his picture from time to time on that account.

His Bright Lantern (gloomily)—No, certainly not. They killed Jim, and they killed Billy, and John is in the asylum. But don't you care; You ain't dead. There's something which looks after drunken men and fools. You don't drink, but you're safe. [Just here the cross ropes—tell-tale—in front of a tunnel struck the Brakeman, and he dropped just in time to save his head from striking the roof of the tunnel, nearly falling from the train.]

Brakeman—By gosh! that was a close call! And I nearly dropped you, too.

Lantern—Drop me? You better not! You'll get thirty day's suspension if you lose me. But it wouldn't hurt me. They've put wire guards all around me so that my glass shall not be broken. Oh, they have to look out for me. It costs money to hurt me, old man, because they'd have to buy another Lantern in my place. If they kill you, there's more brakemen to be had, and they'd pay to get the job.

Brakeman (brushing up the Lantern with his coatsleeve)—You do know something, and I am a little Dull, I'll admit. Lord, how that drop jarred me! I've had many a closer shave than that, but they never feazed me so before. What's the matter with me to-night?

Lantern—I know—you're nearly due. You've lasted longer on this train than any of the others. Ah! I have it! Now I know why you're not promoted—you have been so lucky on this run that they are going to leave you here.\*

The Dull Brakeman—Oh, let up on that, can't you? You give a man the blues. Now, how about this government ownership? How is it to be brought about? What can I do? I am only One Man.

His Bright Lantern—There are millions of others in this country, each of whom is only One Man. You go see Big Joe the Switchman; he'll tell you what to do.

Brakeman—But about government ownership—what have I to do with the government?

His Bright Lantern—Old man, you and your fellow workmen can BE the government. You can Capture it with your VOTES. You workmen are in a majority. You want to quit voting for the men who are nominated and owned by our Very Eminent Gentleman and his friends. Join the political party of the Socialists (in New York State the Social Democratic Party), nominate your own fellow workmen, and elect them to office—to Every office.

The Dull Brakeman—Why, at the last election I did not even vote. I knew that neither the Republican nor Democratic candidates were any good to me, and I thought the Socialists were all cranks.

Lantern—You didn't vote? Had I known that, I would not have spoken to you! I can forgive a man for voting wrong, or for being a fool with his vote, but I never forgive a man so lost to all sense of duty that he does not vote at all—the only man worse than he is the man who sells his vote. I'm done with you. I quit. You need not talk to me. Hereafter talk to yourself, make your run in silence, or get a Lantern that's as big a fool as you are—but you cannot find one such. You deserve to live in darkness.

The Dull Brakeman—But, I say, I'll vote if you can show me that it will do any good. What's the vote of One Brakeman?

His Bright Lantern—I ought never to speak to you again. But I shall leave you to-morrow, and go to Big Joe. One Vote? What's the good? Has our Very Eminent Gentleman MORE than One Vote? Not unless he can get you

\*On some roads a man is discharged if he is "unlucky." That is to say, if a man is involved in a series of accidents, even though he be entirely blameless, and does not merit even a black mark, he is discharged from the service.

or some one like you to vote as he desires. Your vote can stand his off. You workingmen are in a majority. You have only to get together politically, and you can do as you will with our V. E. G. and His property. Having the government in Your hands, you can confiscate His railways and make them government property.

The Dull Brakeman—What, Confiscate them! That wouldn't be right. We ought to pay him for them.

His Bright Lantern—Think again, old man. Suppose we paid him, what would we pay him with? He has everything; we have nothing. Can nothing pay for everything? Last year he got \$500,000,000 out of his railways. That is 4 per cent. on \$12,500,000,000. To pay him for his roads we would have to issue \$2,500,000,000 of 4 per cent. government bonds. But, say you, don't give him a bond bearing 4 per cent. interest. That's too high. Very well. Give him 2 per cent. bonds in payment for his roads. But then you would have to give him \$25,000,000,000 of 2 per cent. bonds. What's the difference? How could you reduce hours and employ more men? how could you raise wages? how could you reduce traffic charges? how could you spend money to make the operation of railways safe to employees? If, instead of paying \$500,000,000 a year to the holders of private and corporate railway stocks and bonds, you paid the same \$500,000,000 a year to the holders of government railroad stocks and bonds? So, you see, my boy, that to get any substantial benefit from government ownership of the railways, you MUST confiscate them.

The Dull Brakeman—But it seems to me that it would not be right.

His Bright Lantern—My boy, what wouldn't be right? Where do you suppose our Very Eminent Gentleman got his stocks and bonds. He Confiscated them. From whom? from you, old man, and all the people of the United States. He did worse than confiscate them, for in the doing of it by his cowardly Indirect Method he debauched many if not every legislative body in the land.\* He did worse. He went to the Courts the highest as well as the lowest, and corrupted them. Old man, and our V. E. G. to pay a very moderate fine for his every lawless act committed as a railway owner, had he paid you and your fellows only decent wages in the years gone by, had he to pay damages for your comrades crippled, had he to pay pensions to the widows and orphans of your comrades killed to make his Profits—had he to do the half of this, he would not have a penny left to bless himself.

The Dull Brakeman (seeing the light)—I now see the justice of it. But How are they to be confiscated?

The Bright Lantern—I am glad you see the justice of it. Most men who, like you, haven't a dollar on earth, are scared to death almost at that word confiscation. But understand, my boy, it isn't confiscation at all. That term is merely a convenience. In reality it isn't a Restoration. Just as would have happened if a carload of people who had been robbed by Jesse James, having caught him later, had forced him to return their money and other val-

\*It would take a larger book than this to merely print a list of the cases of condoned and unpunished law-breaking on the part of our V. E. G. and his friends in the railway industry. I refer only to such cases as have been charged up to him by his own kind. One instance will suffice. Jay Gould (at that time a Very Eminent Gentleman, but now, alas, just as dead as a dead brakeman), testifying before a Government Commission as to the use of money for controlling elections and influencing legislation in the interest of the Erie Railroad, said that "it would be impossible for him to specify the numerous instances as it would be to recall to mind the numerous freight cars sent over the Erie from day to day." In one year the owners of the Erie Railroad paid out over \$1,000,000 for "extra and legal services." In its books this was partly entered under "India Rubber" account.

ables. Our V. E. G. is entitled to the same consideration that the James Boys would have received under such circumstances.

Brakeman—I see. But How are they to be confiscated?

Lantern—First, as I said, you and your fellow railroad men must get into the Socialist Party (in New York State, Social Democratic Party), nominate and elect your own fellows to office (do not forget that you men have the VOTES) and capture the government.

The Dull Brakeman—There are a Million [in 1900 there were 1,017,653 employees of railroads in U. S., as per report Interstate Com. Com.] of us railroad men, I know. But a Million Votes are not enough. We are not a majority.

The Bright Lantern—Fight you are—as far as you go. But do not forget the thousands of steel workers, who want government ownership of the steel industry; the overworked and underpaid telegraphers, who want government ownership of the telegraphs; the thousands of miners, who want government ownership of the mines; the thousands of shoemakers, who want the same thing applied to the shoe factories; the trolley men, the sugar refiners, the spinners and weavers, and bookbinders and printers and laborers, all in the same boat with you, all ready to help you because by so doing they will help themselves—in short ALL THE MEN WHO WORK FOR WAGES, all the men who MUST work for wages, because they do not own the means of production, because therefore they cannot employ themselves, and must get employment from others—each and every one of them from the Very Eminent Gentleman in Their field, who differs not at all in kind, and very little in degree (and is often the very same V. E. G.), from the Very Eminent Gentleman in Your railway field—your workmen of all these different trades and occupations, you are the majority. The world is yours when you are intelligent enough to take it—you have only to ask, and it shall be given you, when you know enough to ask at the Ballot Box.

"Shall you complain, who feed the world?"

Who clothe the world?

Who house the world?

Shall you complain, who are the world,

Of what the world may do?

As from this hour

You use your power,

The world must follow you."

Brakeman—Where did you learn poetry?

Lantern—Never mind. I have been in good company in my day, even if I have not been in Society?

The Dull Brakeman—You have not yet answered my question as to How these railways were to be confiscated.

His Bright Lantern—There are so many ways it would be tedious even to enumerate. One simple way would be to pass and enforce laws as to wages and charges which would make it impossible for them to pay interest on their crooked bonds and watered stocks. (These laws would be useless, however, unless the workmen were in control of the government to enforce them.) That would put them in the courts, and as fast as they got there keep them there\*—that is to say, instead, as now, having the courts used to enable them

\*The last issue of Poor's Railroad Manual places the total mileage of the railways of the United States at 192,161 miles. In the last twenty years more than 100,000 miles of line have been in the hands of the courts and receivers—in chancery. Of course, not all of this was there by compulsion. Some roads were intentionally bankrupted by our Very Eminent Gentleman for the express purpose of enabling him to tan the pelts of the small stockholders and investors whom he was engaged in skinning.



to default on their debts, make the courts simply a means to turn them over to the government. Another way would be to pass an inheritance tax that was confiscatory. Still another way, would be a plain railroad tax so high as to be confiscatory in its nature and impossible of payment. But the straightforward method would be the best, as it always is for honest people. When Worlengmen control the government, when they ARE the government, they can simply TAKE the roads. It would only be necessary to do two things—cease to pay any revenues to any persons as owners of stocks and bonds, and require all persons in the railway business who received money for tickets and tariffs to deposit such money to the credit of the government instead of to the credit of the present private and corporate owners, immediately discharging (if necessary arresting) any agent who did not comply with the law from the day it went into effect. The revenues of the roads would thus be immediately available to raise wages, employ more men and reduce hours of labor.

The Dull Brakeman.—But how could we get their stocks and bonds away from our V. E. G. and his pals?

The Bright Lantern.—We wouldn't try, my boy. They might need them for pipe-lighters. We take the roads—locomotives, stations, tracks, cars, round-houses, and we take the revenues of the roads. We leave our V. E. G. his precious stocks and bonds, he's spent his life, sleeping and waking, trying to get stocks and bonds; bless him, he's entitled to them. They would not be worth as much as Confederate money, for there's more of them. It really would be confiscation to take them from him. But they'd draw interest nevertheless.

Brakeman—I know I'm dumb, but I begin to see. Where did you learn all these things? I'm going to study up on this question of Socialism. Say, don't quit me for a few days, anyhow.

His Bright Lantern (twinkling brightly).—Well, I will stay a while with you if you do something. But I like the looks of Big Joe the Switchman. He's a man that fellow, and I know what a treat it would be to go round with him nights. And that Boy that trims me up in the morning—I've got him mesmerized—he'll do anything I ask him. You see, I never smoke, or make him any trouble, and he appreciates it.

Brakeman.—But where did you learn all these things?

Lantern (its flame swelling with pride).—As I told you, I've been in good company in my day. I began my railroad career as a conductor's lantern—they didn't make me begin with a forward brakeman. The first chap I was with was no good. He was always polishing up his buttons, and mashing the ladies (as he thought), and looking at himself in a little hand-glass, twisting his mustache to look like the Kaiser's. However, they got him, poor fellow—took one of his arms off in a derailment wreck—I didn't get a dent in me. Now he has a flagman's job at a street crossing—goes on at 5 in the morning and gets off at 9 in the evening, if No. 9 isn't late; if it is, he must wait till she goes by—the rest of the time they leave the crossing without a flagman, though a city ordinance requires that one should be there at all hours; but that would require two men, and the company has no spare cripples just now.

Brakeman.—Surely he did not teach you all you have told me to-night.

His Bright Lantern.—You forget, my boy, that I burn the midnight oil—it won't hurt you to do the same. No, it was little that chap taught me or anyone else. But the fellow who followed him did. He was a wonder. That chap knew everything. His folks had been well-to-do once, but went broke, and he had to come to the scratch and support them. He started at the bottom, but he had a pull and was pushed up. But he knew conductor was his limit. It

takes a powerful jerk to get higher than that. He saw the wrongs of the men all along the line, and I honestly believe that man felt more for them than for himself. He knew all about the railroad business from the men's standpoint. He was always getting books and papers and reading to me, and then he'd give them to the Brakemen or to the men at the end of his trip, and he was getting them quite worked up when they took me off the passenger.

Brakeman.—How did that come about?

Lantern (sadly).—You see they put a new-fangled Lantern on the passengers, all silvered and gilded, and trussed up, and with glittering Stomachers on them like a Society Grand Dame at the Horse Show—but they didn't give any such light as I do. But that shut me out. I was sent down to a freight.

The Bright Brakeman.—Well, we're nearly in. Don't quit me old fellow, for a while, anyhow. What ought I to do for a starter, now?

His Bright Lantern.—Well, if you want to make a good start, first join your union or brotherhood; then get some of these booklets about our Very Eminent Gentleman, and see that every man in your organization and every man who works on our division has a copy.

The Bright Brakeman.—I'll do it. But don't leave me. There's a thousand questions I want to ask you about Socialism.

His Bright Lantern.—Well, I'll stay and help you out for a while, at least, and see if you make good.

The Bright Brakeman.—And I will make good.

And the Brakeman felt that there was something in the world worth thinking of besides "advancement." For the first time in his life he had a Purpose—a Cause to work for, and worth working for.

And His Wonderful Bright Lantern twinkled and sparkled gleefully.

[You, Reader, if you think this little booklet might be of service in helping your fellows to help themselves, see that they have a copy. There are others, and will be more. Do something in this world besides getting something to eat and drink. An animal gets that. Have a Cause. Make sacrifices for the Cause you think greatest and best. And be your Sacrifice never so great, the Cause will do more for you than all you can ever do for it.]

There are many subjects which are not touched upon in this paper. But there is not an objection which can be raised by opponents to a government exclusively in the hands of the Working Class, and to the ownership, control, and operation of industry by that government, which cannot be met and successfully disposed of by the Socialist.

#### APPENDIX A.

In addition to passengers killed and injured, and the frightful and murderous mortality among railroad employes in the United States, these same roads killed 5,066 and injured 6,449 "other persons," in the last year covered by the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Many of these "other persons" are claimed by the railways to be "trespassers." I have no means of judging how far these figures are true, except the knowledge that our V. E. G. would shame Satan for lying if there's a dollar in it, and that it is to his interest to make out as many "trespassers" among his dead as possible. One thing is known by all men who are capable of observation—that many persons are killed and injured at grade crossings in cities whose lives could be saved by the simple expedient of raising or lowering the tracks above or below the pedestrians' thoroughfare. To be sure, this would cost money. That is reason enough for our Very Eminent Gentleman not to have it done. Perhaps, dear reader, this may not interest you—you are not dead. But who knows how close it may come to you or yours. To treat this portion of my subject properly would carry me beyond the limits of this booklet. For the same reason, I have not dealt with the tunnel "accident" of the New York Central and other similar occurrences.

#### APPENDIX B.

This is a sad disposal of the Bishop. But truly, Christian reader, where do you think he'll go? I am willing to do anything in my power to save him, but if a perusal of this booklet won't do it, what will? I make no attack on religion—the great churches are different. In more than one age of man, the work of the world has been the rescue of religion from the church, of equity from the law, and of justice from the courts. One of the most pitiful spectacles of the day is the subservience of great churchmen to some V. E. G. But some of those who have the more humble pastorates are not so easily to be ensnared. Here and there in the United States is to be found a clergyman who declines to lie for his belly's sake or to compromise with wrong for the patronage of Respectable Grangers. But I can think of only one destination for those who, knowing the evils of our day, think of nothing but observing them, have no word to say except of compromise with wrong—and complain because workmen are not religious, do not attend the church. Some of these reverend gentlemen are even ready to start gin mills in the church cellar to entice workmen. Fine men, these, to deplore the absence of workmen from their churches—while they remain in them. Again I ask you frankly, Christian reader, "Where will the Bishop go?"

#### APPENDIX C.

Most of the works on the railroad industry of the United States have dealt largely if not chiefly with the possibility of vastly reduced freight and passenger rates under Government ownership. I know full well the feasibility of making immense reductions, though I only touch that branch of the subject. The first consideration here, as with the Socialist regarding every other industry, is the welfare of the men employed in the industry.

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In addition to passengers killed and injured, and the frightful and murderous mortality among railroad employes in the United States, these same roads killed 5,006 and injured 6,419 "other persons," in the last year covered by the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Many of these "other persons" are claimed by the railways to be "trespassers." I have no means of judging how far these figures are true, except the knowledge that our V. E. G. would shame Satan for lying if there's a dollar in it, and that it is to his interest to make out as many "trespassers" among his dead as possible. One thing is known by all men who are capable of observation—that many persons are killed and injured at grade crossings in cities whose lives could be saved by the simple expedient of raising or lowering the tracks above or below the pedestrians' thoroughfare. To be sure, this would cost money. That is reason enough for our Very Eminent Gentleman not to have it done. Perhaps, dear reader, this may not interest you—You are not dead! But who knows how close it may come to you or yours. To treat this portion of my subject properly would carry me beyond the limits of this booklet. For the same reason, I have not dealt with the tunnel "accident" of the New York Central and other similar occurrences.

# APPENDIX B.

This is a sad disposal of the Bishop. But truly, Christian reader, where do you think he'll go? I am willing to do anything in my power to save him, but if a perusal of this booklet won't do it, what will? I make no attack on religion—the great churches are different. In more than one age of man, the work of the world has been the rescue of religion from the church, of equity from the law, and of justice from the courts. One of the most pitiful spectacles of the day is the subservience of great churchmen to some V. E. G. But some of those who have the more humble pastorates are not so easily to be ensnared. Here and there in the United States is to be found a clergyman who declines to lie for his belly's sake or to compromise with wrong for the patronage of Respectable Crafters. But I can think of only one destination for those who, knowing the evils of our day, think of nothing but obscuring them, have no word to say except of commendation with wrong—and complain because workmen are not religious, do not attend the church. Some of these reverend gentlemen are even ready to start gin mills in the church cellar to entice workmen. Fine men, these, to deplore the absence of workmen from their churches—while they remain in them. Again I ask you frankly, Christian reader, "Where will the Bishop go?"

# APPENDIX C.

Most of the works on the railroad industry of the United States have dealt largely if not exclusively with the possibility of vastly reduced freight and passenger rates under Government ownership. I know full well the feasibility of making immense reductions, though I only touch that branch of the subject. The first consideration here, as with the Socialist regarding every other industry, is the welfare of the men employed in the industry.

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